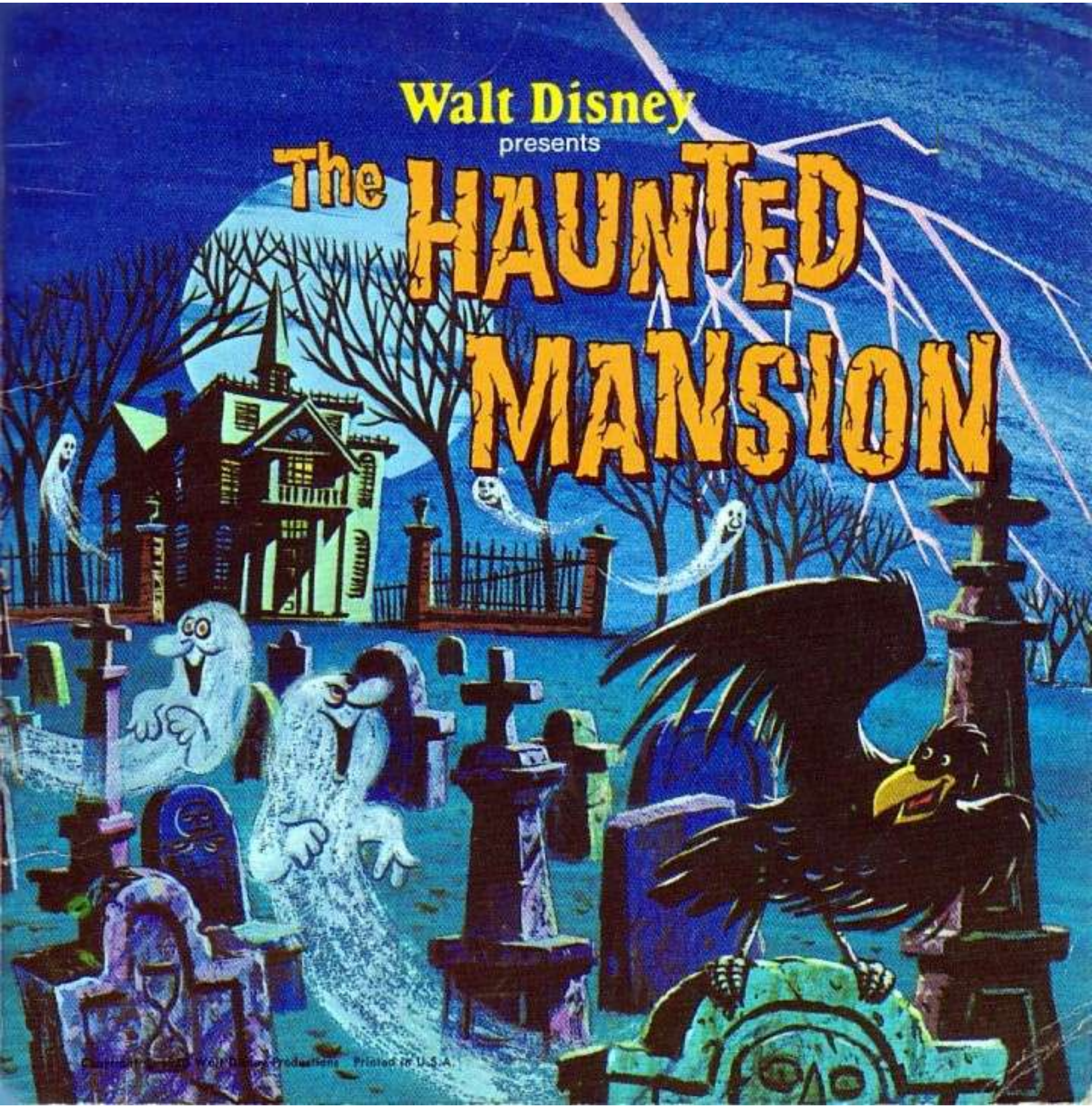
Walt Disney
presents
The HAUNTED MANSION

# Walt Disney Presents
# THE HAUNTED MANSION

*This is a Disneyland Original Little Long Playing record, and I am your story reader. I am going to begin now to read the story of THE HAUNTED MANSION. You can read along with me in your book. You will know it is time to turn the page when Tinker Bell rings her little bells like this...*

*LET'S BEGIN NOW:*

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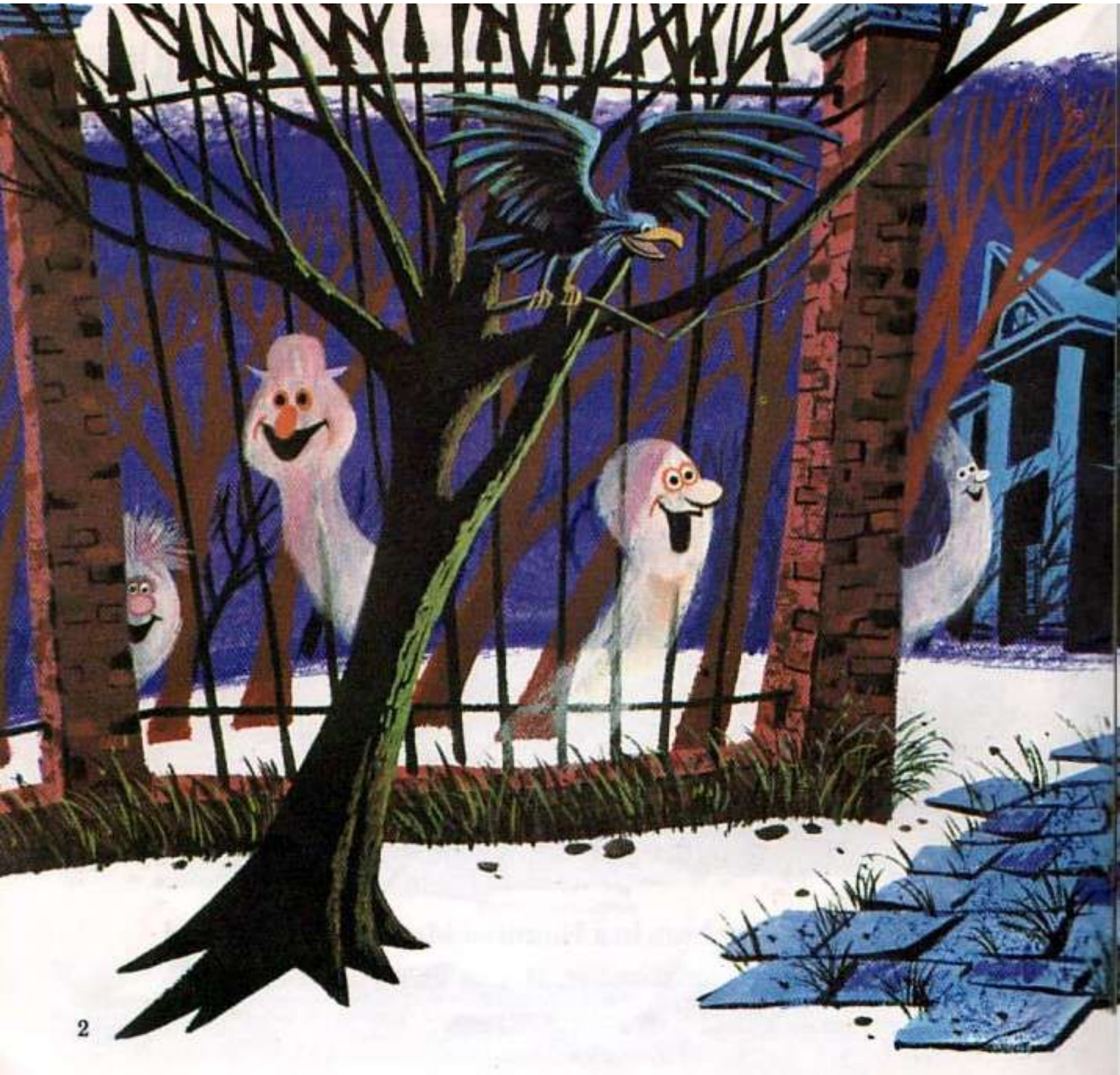
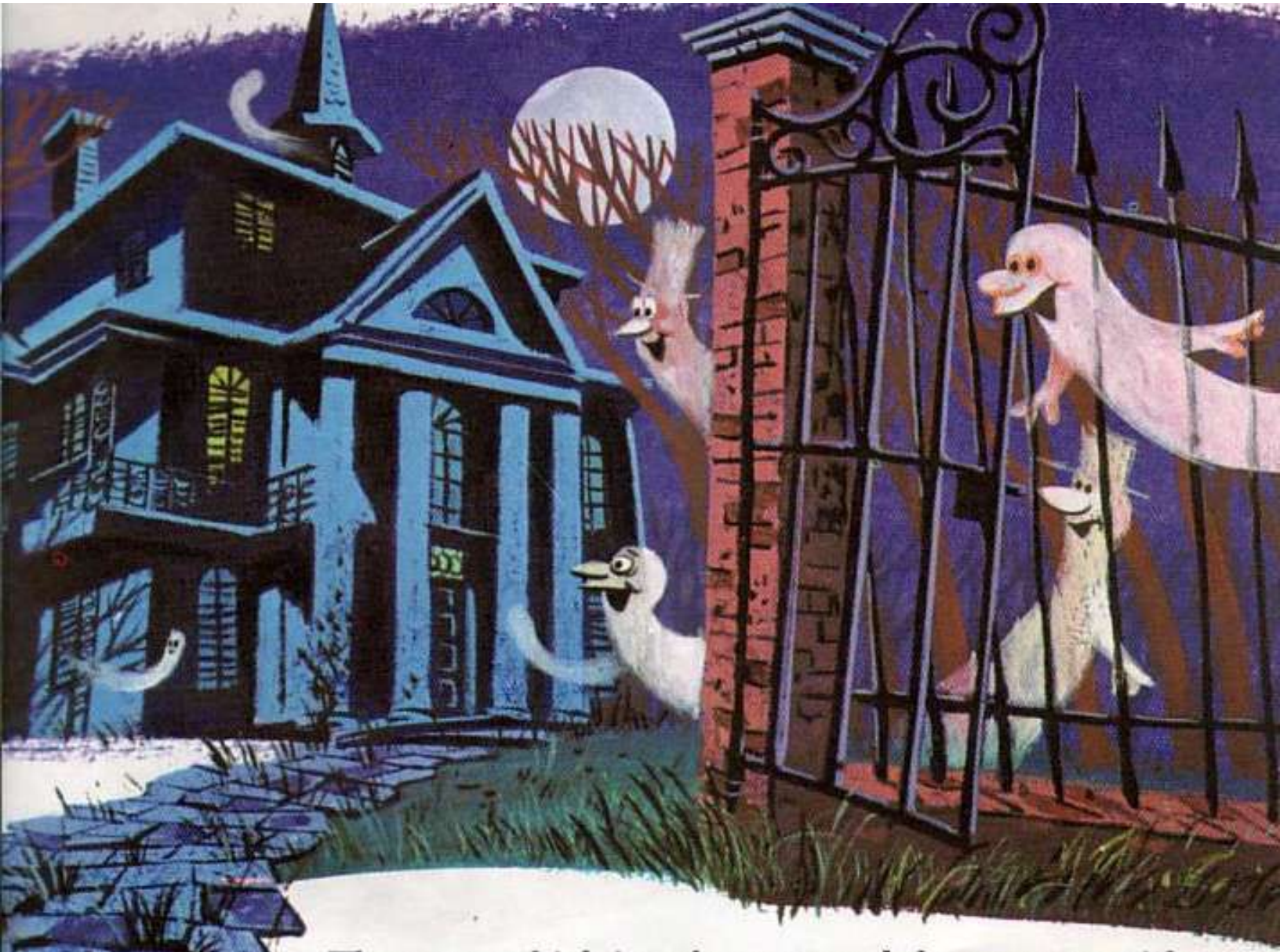
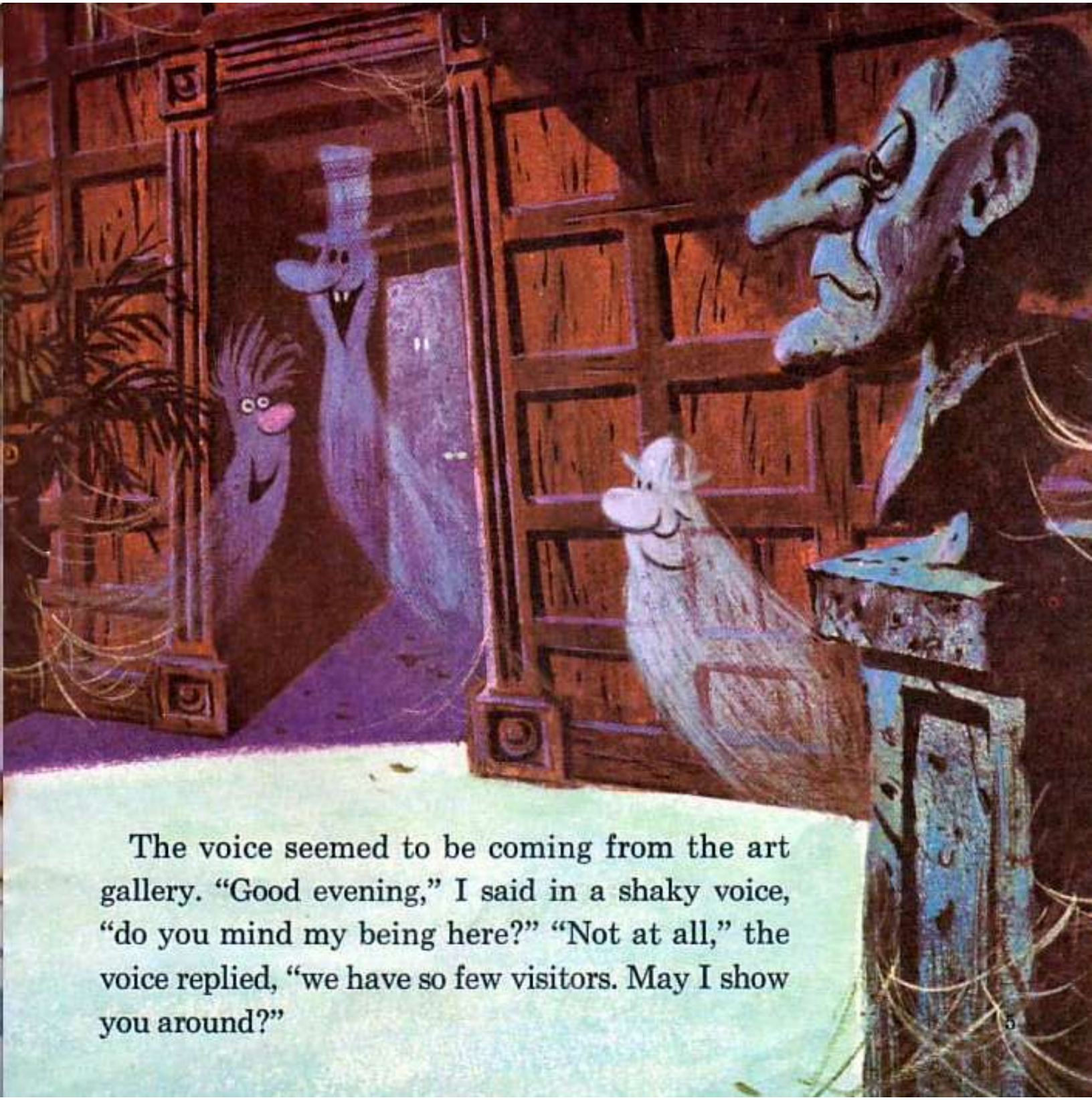
Have you ever been in a Haunted Mansion? I have, and I'd like to tell you about it. It was an old house, sitting all alone at the end of a dark street.





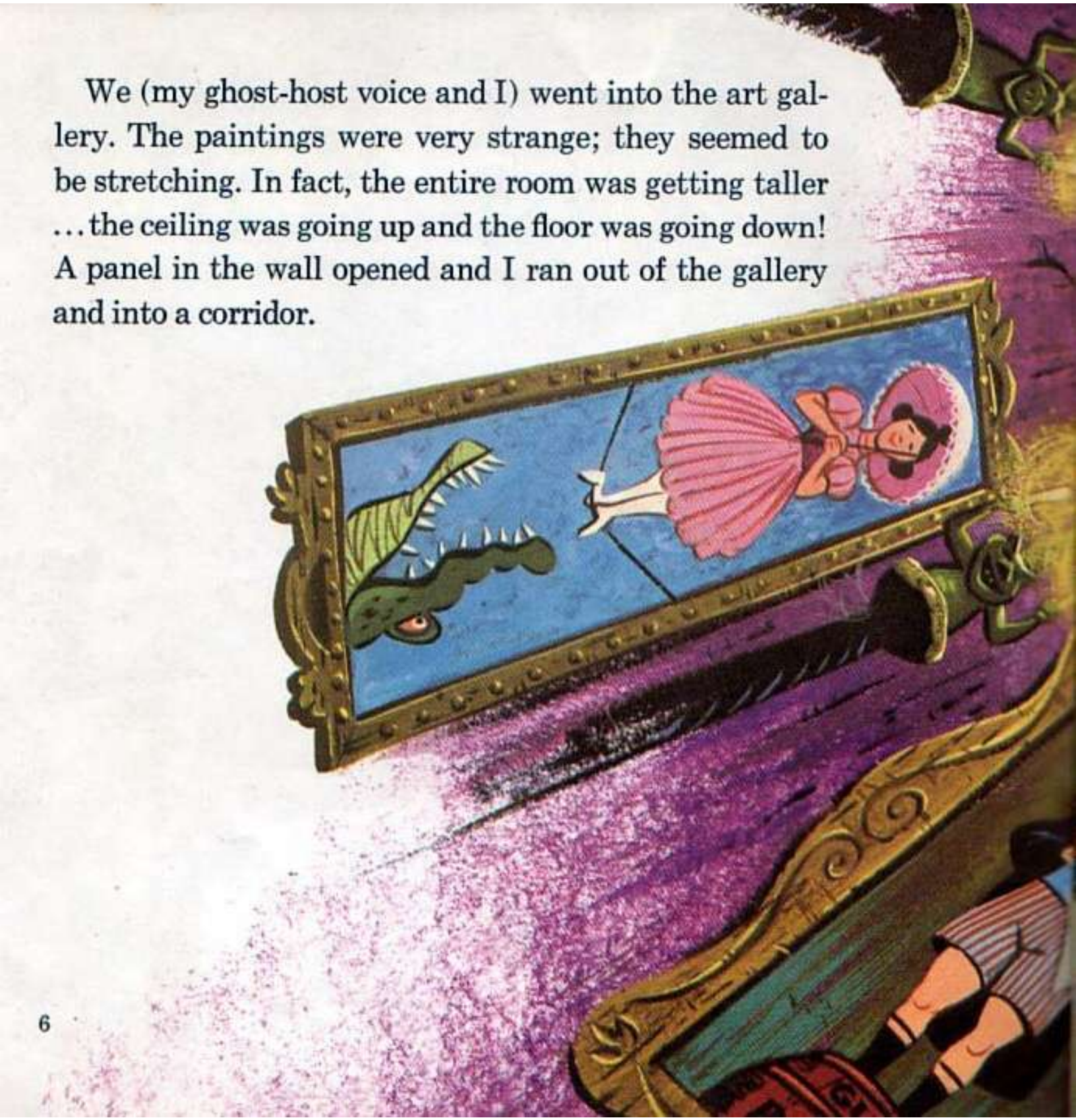
There was a high iron fence around the property with a rusty, squeaky gate. The sidewalk leading to the porch was broken and overgrown with weeds. The wind was blowing the trees, and the branches made strange noises as they brushed against the house.

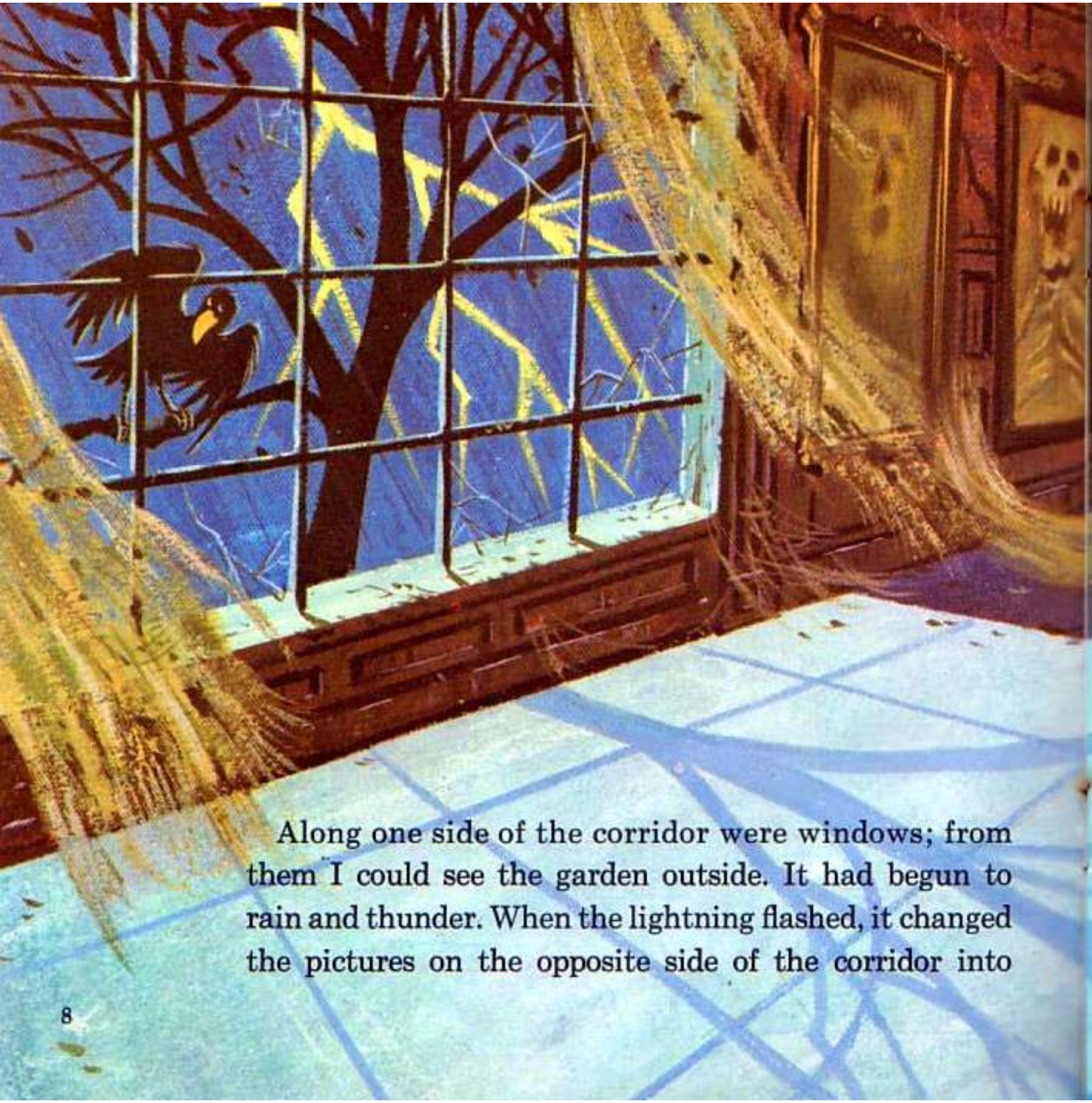
I entered the open front door and was greeted by a ghostly voice. "Good evening . . . welcome to The Haunted Mansion."



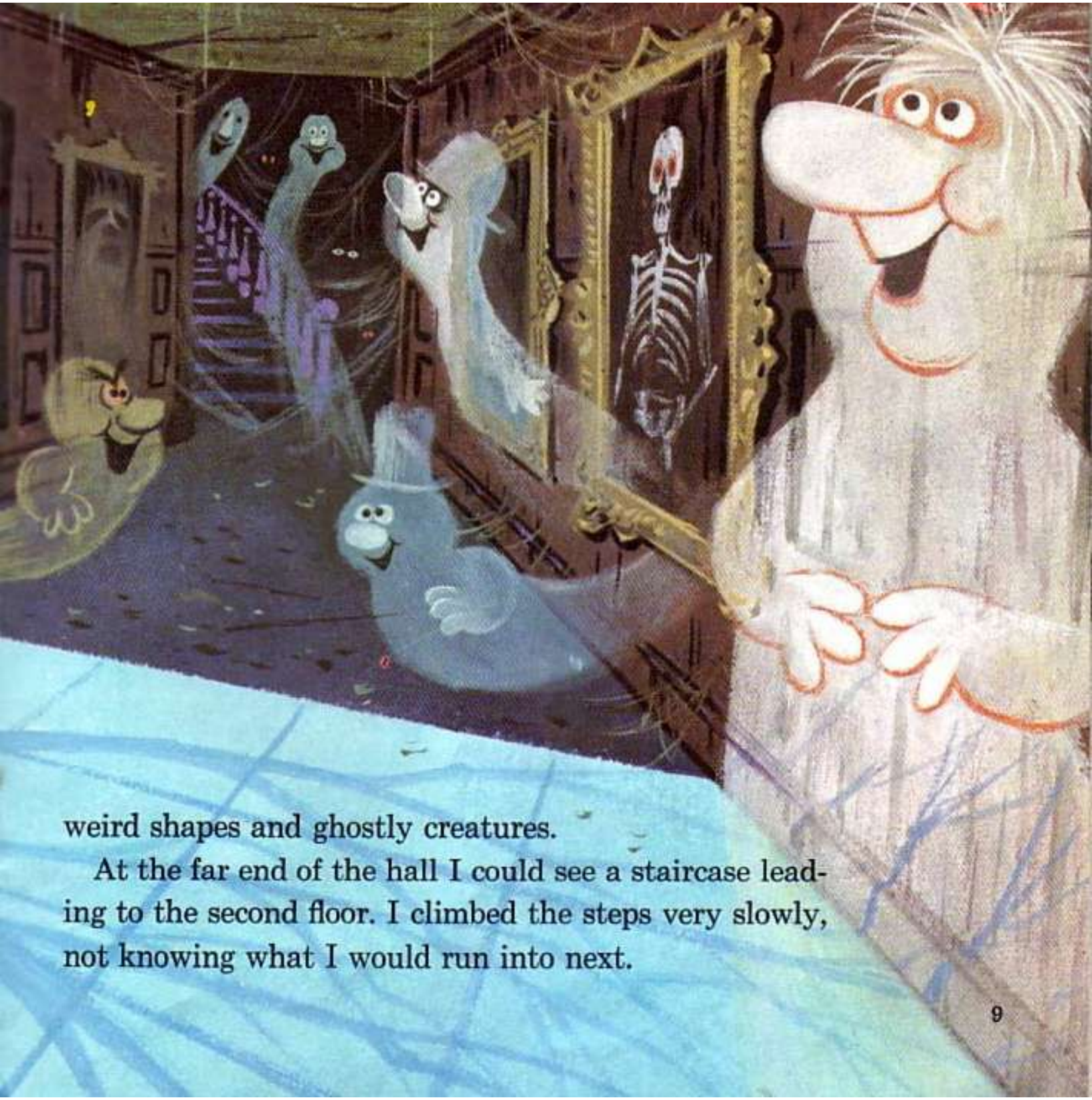
The voice seemed to be coming from the art gallery. "Good evening," I said in a shaky voice, "do you mind my being here?" "Not at all," the voice replied, "we have so few visitors. May I show you around?"

We (my ghost-host voice and I) went into the art gallery. The paintings were very strange; they seemed to be stretching. In fact, the entire room was getting taller ... the ceiling was going up and the floor was going down! A panel in the wall opened and I ran out of the gallery and into a corridor.



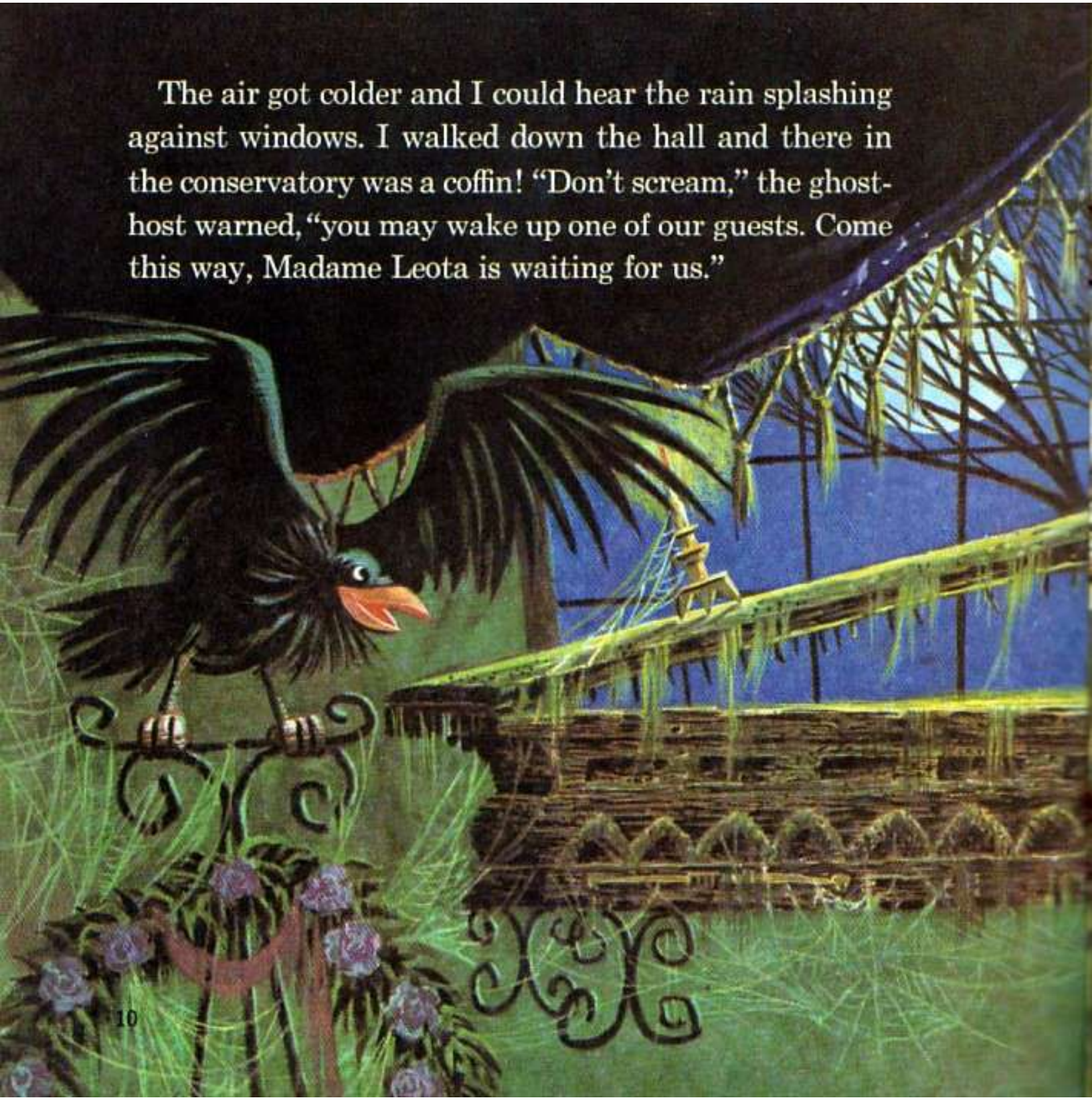


Along one side of the corridor were windows; from them I could see the garden outside. It had begun to rain and thunder. When the lightning flashed, it changed the pictures on the opposite side of the corridor into



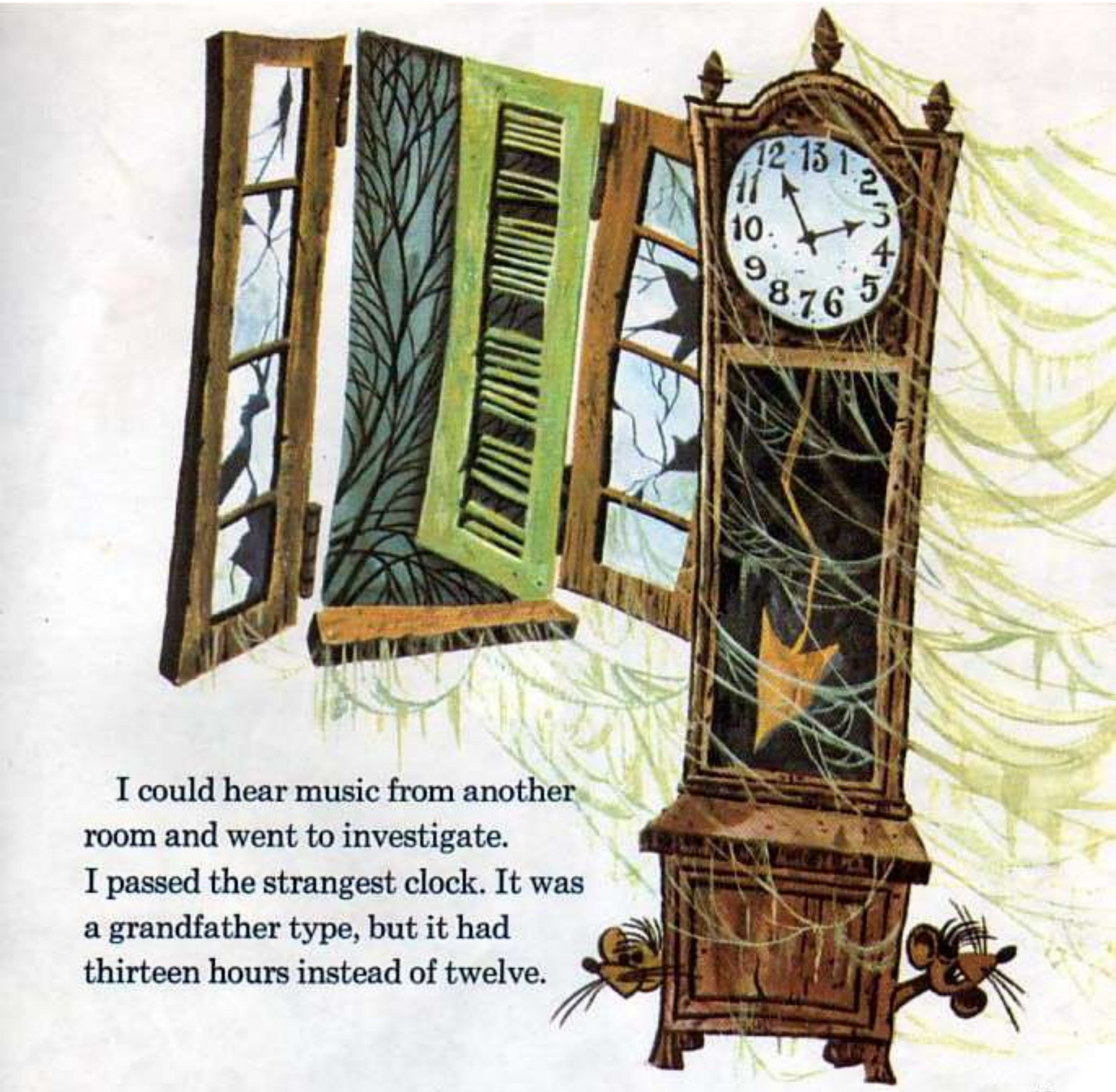
weird shapes and ghostly creatures.

At the far end of the hall I could see a staircase leading to the second floor. I climbed the steps very slowly, not knowing what I would run into next.

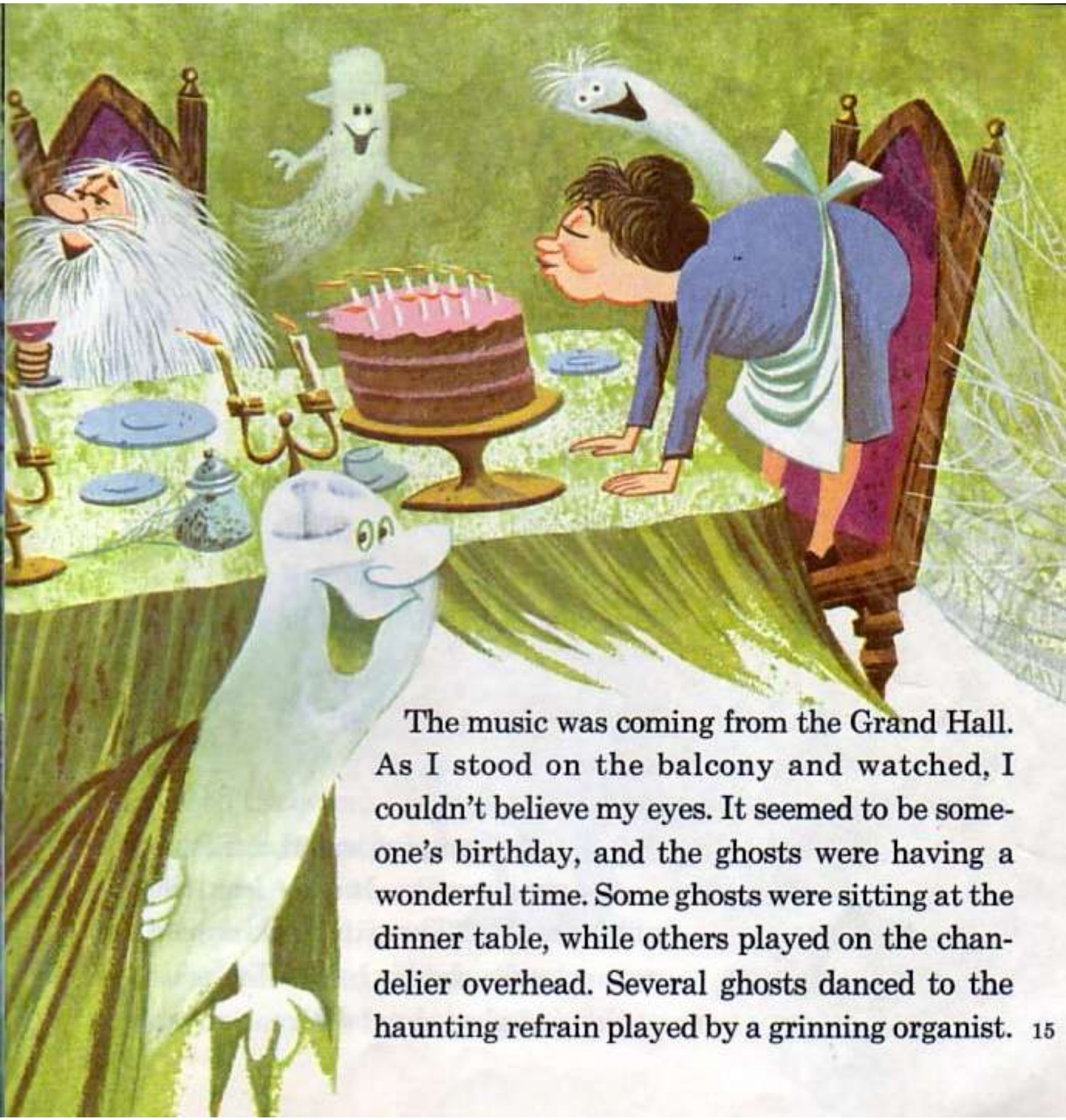


The air got colder and I could hear the rain splashing against windows. I walked down the hall and there in the conservatory was a coffin! "Don't scream," the ghost-host warned, "you may wake up one of our guests. Come this way, Madame Leota is waiting for us."

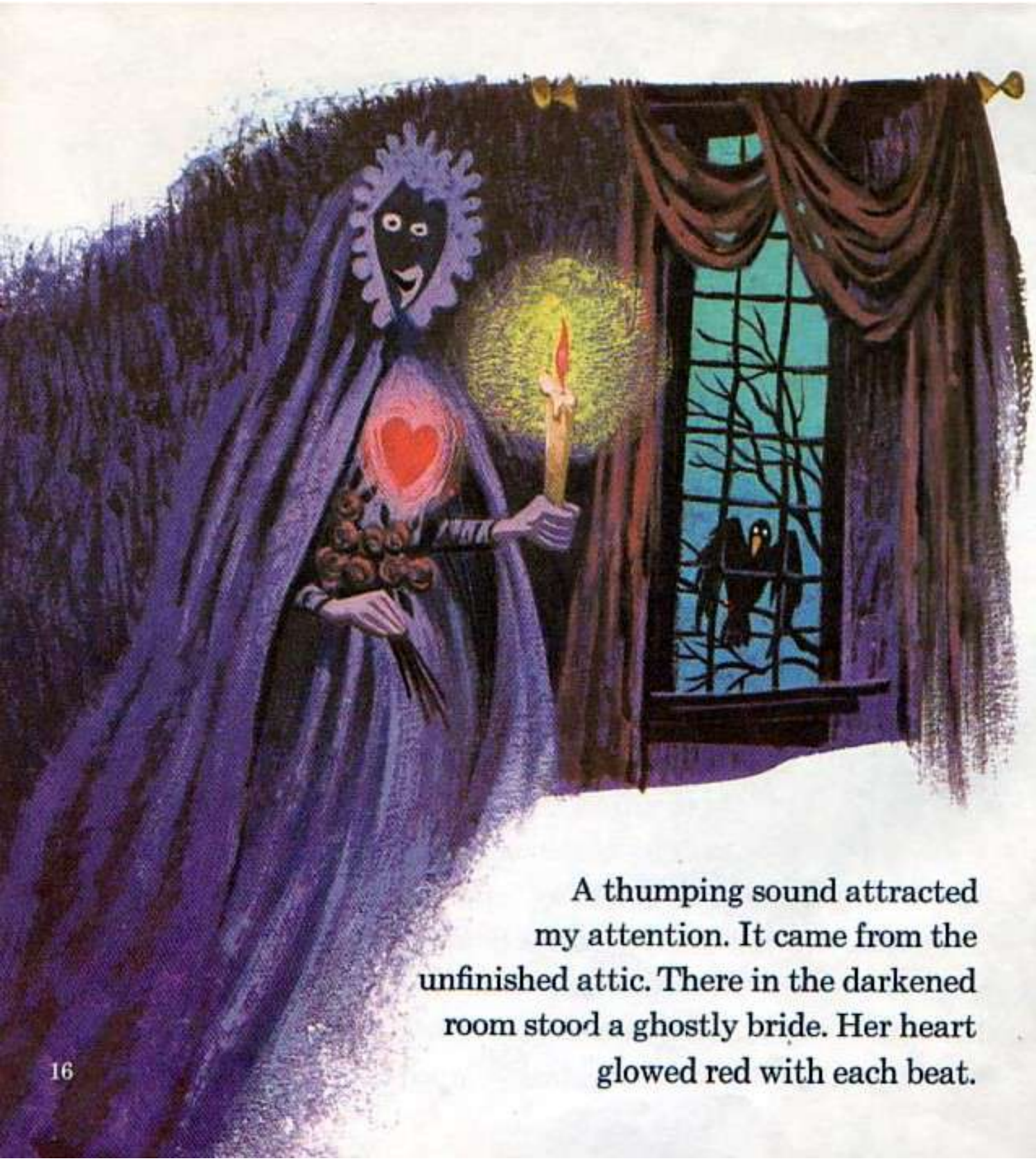
Madame Leota was a spirit; in fact, she was just a head in a crystal ball. She called to objects in the Séance Room and they began to float around. There was a table, a lamp, a horn, a bell and a drum all in the air at the same time.




I could hear music from another room and went to investigate. I passed the strangest clock. It was a grandfather type, but it had thirteen hours instead of twelve.



The music was coming from the Grand Hall. As I stood on the balcony and watched, I couldn't believe my eyes. It seemed to be someone's birthday, and the ghosts were having a wonderful time. Some ghosts were sitting at the dinner table, while others played on the chandelier overhead. Several ghosts danced to the haunting refrain played by a grinning organist.



A thumping sound attracted my attention. It came from the unfinished attic. There in the darkened room stood a ghostly bride. Her heart glowed red with each beat.

I turned to run out of the attic, but another image blocked my way. He was a large cloaked figure whose head disappeared from his shoulders and appeared in a hat box he held in his hand.

I climbed out of a window and onto a balcony, then down a tree, and was greatly relieved to be out of that house.

Now I had another problem... I was out of the house, but in the graveyard. I tried to get help from the caretaker, but he was more frightened than I. He and his dog just stood there shaking.

Down the path I went. I passed a group of singing minstrels who paid no attention to me at all. A group of cats and a family of owls joined in spooky harmony. I passed a King and Queen teetering on a gravestone, and a hearse stuck in the mud. There were ghosts riding bicycles and a masked executioner singing a duet with a decapitated knight.

Three hitchhikers stood on the side of the path. "Beware my friend," said the ghost-host, "they may try to follow you home."

I ran the rest of the way down the path, through the crypt and out the gate. At last my venture was over. I was frightened, but intrigued. I'd like to visit that house again and unravel its mysteries.

R.I.P.
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